

**I'D BUY THAT FOR A  
DOLLAR!** <sup>®</sup>

**February / March, 1998**

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## **The Truth About Roommates!**

**Nixon Was, Say The Experts, The Best President!**

**Ancient Markings Could Mean The End Of The World!**

**Aliens Responsible For The Rise Of Fascist Dictators In The U.S.!**

**Exclamation Points: The Story Behind Their Mystery?**

**Target**

**Exposed!**

**And**

**More,**

**More,**

**More!**

**Image of Ronald Reagan Found on Moon**

**Flashback:**

My face get's really flushed and I start to get embarrassed and no one is in the room. No one. Sometimes it happens on the bus, but most often it's when I'm alone and I'm scraping the inner wall on the back of my head. That place where you hold all of the things you try to forget.

Sometimes it's not embarrassment. Sometimes it's guilt, or just nostalgia. But it happens, and you live it all over again. That time you stole a comic book from the Safeway in Cottage Grove, using a bag you had brought in from a different store across the street, and you didn't get caught because you were regularly shopping there and you know that they were just going to smile and think that you changed your mind or something. You still have the comic book and you never really liked it to begin with, but suddenly you're wracked with guilt and you want to cry, and you get that crazy idea to mail them the \$1.25 just to make things even.

The other night me and Cassandra and Geni were talking about this phenomena, and though we were not actively discussing the nature of this particular aspect of the human condition, we had plenty of stories to tell. Geni started talking about how to this day she feels guilt over something that happened years ago, where her and a playmate were playing some game where they tied a rope to each of their feet, and were running on all four. At one point, Geni jerked her leg and the other girl was pulled forward, and hurt herself, and the girl's brother came running and took the girl home. It wasn't intentional; Geni didn't mean to hurt her. But she did, and she still feels guilty about it.

I've been thinking about the human condition lately, namely how we spend most of our lives being programmed by everything around us, and then the rest of our lives de-programming ourselves. Is this part of the de-programming? Do we, as a people, need to feel the pain or guilt or whatever of a past experience over and over again? Why? Is it just a sick way of making us feel shitty most of the time?

I don't know. Being the cynic that I am, I would have chose "Shitty" on any given day but today, but for some reason the inner me is screaming frantically about this issue.

**Flashback: Junior In High School:** Damon is having trouble with a breakup. Go figure. We all were. If our high school breakup to couple ratio was any indication, all of us would get divorced. To top it off, we all had just finished going through that *Pretty Hate Machine* phase, so the smallest little problem, to us, was the end of the world, though I had graduated to the Doors by now, and Damon, the Cure. Still, he needed some cheering up, and Justin says something like, "Hey, let's all get together and try to cheer Damon up tonight with a movie or something." It made perfect sense. I went home from school and started figuring out how to play the game.

Still with the parents at the time, I would have to tell mom, but my friends were supposed to call me first, so hopefully I'd be able to warn Mom and her Girlfriend in advance. In the meantime I perched myself at my desk writing Jim Morrison impersonation #287 while plotting out my latest sci-fi adventure on some notebook paper while listening to The Best Of The Doors 2 CD Set I'd borrowed from Teresa that I'd copied to a 90 minute tape that used to have some Bruce Springsteen album on it that my mom had copied for me years ago. Then I got the call, not from Justin or Damon, but from my mom, up the stairway: "Dinner!"

Shit. They were bound to call any minute. Oh well. I let the tape run and I ran downstairs for Rice-a-Roni, Fried Chicken, & Corn ballanced meal. But before I could sit down there was a knock at the door. In slow-motion I walked to the door... it was Teresa. She had forgot to call but she came straight over to pick me up. "You ready?"

I turned, and saw my mom's face wondering who it was.

In my whole life I'd never missed dinner. Truth be known, I was really fuckin' hungry too, but that wasn't the issue at the time. A lifetime of dinner eating was coming to a head with the fact that Damon and my friends were going to do something that was outside of school and outside of the house, and that something might, scratch that, would be an important life-experience that I could write about years in the future and turn into a screenplay or something. Maybe there would be a <gasp> girl there, other than the one's I already had a crush on that had



rejected me and remained friends anyway. The point was it was something that my socially-inept and culturally-starved body needed, more than dinner, and I was about to try and convey this to my mom in a way that wasn't going to give away anything I was was thinking at the time.

"Mom, can I go to Justin's house?"

"But it's dinner time."

"I'll eat when I get back... or..."

It was too late. The decision had been made. But I was an idiot. I tried to argue with my mom, using all of the ploys that would, later in the year and the next year, not work. Nothing. She was getting pissed, and I was soon understanding that she had won. I told Teresa that I couldn't go because I had to eat dinner. I had suddenly been reduced to a 10 year-old, and slinked back to the kitchen to eat dinner.

I didn't say anything at the table. I ate everything I was served and I hated it all, even though this was a pretty standard dinner in my house and I'd eaten it a million times before and acutally liked it to some degree. After dinner I walked up to my room fumeing with anger, and I looked at my stereo.

And instead of The Doors, I put in another album. One that I loved in a way that my mom couldn't and didn't understand, like she said she did when she heard the ancient strainings of Jim's bassy voice. I put it in and I turned it up as loud as I could, and after I heard the introduction that wasn't "Head Like A Hole," I sat down and sang along to every single song, in order, word for word, until the last note rang out on, "Something In The Way," rang out. Track 12 was over, and almost an entire hour had passed.

I walked downstairs with my coat on and asked my mom if I could go for a walk. She nodded, and I left. I didn't know where I was going to go at first. I thought I'd never come back, but I soon realized I was tracing the old familiar five mile path between my house on one side of town to Justin's house on the other. I was filled with anger. I was...

<Knock Knock Knock> "Hey, Justin. Is anyone around?"

"No... they all just left."

"Oh..."

Empty. There was no other word for it. I missed it all. It really wasn't that much, I guess. I later heard that all they did was hang out, a term that I would use to define all of my high school life-experiences a few years later. I walked home slowly, not in any hurry, and I added another entry to my hate-journal that defined all of my High School. I eventually went to sleep.

End Flashback.

I get all of the emotion for that night right in the face all at once at random times, last night being the most recent because we watched a Nirvana video to pass the time. I want to say that this event of emotional guilt hitting you years later is a coping mechanism that enables us to not have to deal with it all at once, but I think the truth is that we need these experinces to help us deal with the here and now.

It's hard to verbalize any of this without souding vague and unsure, but you try it. You take an intergral moment in your past and try to explain why it hits you in the face over and over for years to come. To me, it used to be just something that happens for no reason.

But now I think it's a mechanism that allows us to laugh at The Weekly World News.

Either way, I've been thinking about it a lot lately, and that sets the tone for this issue.

--G.M. 2/10/98

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If you wish to contribute a story, poems, piece of art, or anything else roughly 2 dimensional that can be conveyed via xeroxing, or want to order back issues, or just want to drop a line, please write to:

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The most significant political discovery since  
the Watergate scrolls!

# FACE OF RONALD REAGAN



# PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE MOON!



SURFACE of moon where  
photograph of Ronald  
Reagan, ARROW, was taken.

WASHINGTON -- NASA analysts have found the un- /-----\  
mistakable image of former president Ronald Reagan in an | by Austin Rich |  
otherwise unremarkable telescopic photograph of the moon. \-----/

But far from acknowledging its political significance, the experts insist that the 70 by 200 mile long image is, "nothing more than a trick of light and shadow that has no meaning whatsoever."

That's the word from political analyst Dr. Carl P. Snodgrass, who has called on no less a figure than President Bill Clinton "to set NASA and the nation straight by holding a special news conference to publicize the photograph as a sign from God to mankind."

"In these troubled times we need a sign to reassure us that a kind and loving God is active and interested in our lives -- and as far as I'm concerned, the image of Reagan on the moon is that sign."

"I understand that NASA is not a religious agency. I understand that federal agencies, by their very nature, are secular and strive to avoid interference in religious affairs.

"But this photograph clearly depicts Ronald Reagan, a political figure. And in a case this clear-cut, I believe it is the duty of officials to make the picture known to all citizens who respect what this symbol could mean, rather than write it off as a photographic fluke."

**NASA PROBE CAPTURES POLITICAL IMAGE ON FILM!**



NASA spokesmen declined to respond to Dr. Snodgrass' criticism "of agency policy" and flatly stated that "we stand by the findings of our analysts."

The scholar himself pointed out that NASA has hidden the photograph from the public since it was snapped by astronauts in 1992.

"An astronomer discovered the photograph while poring over formerly secret NASA documents that were recently made available under the Freedom of Information Act," said Dr. Snodgrass.

"The astronomer is working under government contract and cannot identify himself for fear of reprisal. But suffice it to say that he saw Ronald Reagan in the photograph -- and as much as I'd like to think otherwise, so did NASA.

"Documents confirm that the picture was analyzed as early as October 1992. That's when NASA officially concluded that the image was a 'fluke' and stashed it away from a public that might be inclined to ask questions that NASA didn't want to answer."

Dr. Snodgrass says the image is composed of an arrangement of rocks and craters that have likely been in place for millions of years.

"To think that Reagan has been peering down on the Earth for what essentially amounts to all time is absolutely mind-boggling," she continued.

"It suggests that God set a master plan into action when He created the universe and was fully aware of the course history would take before it even began to happen.

"This is final proof that Reagan was the greatest president we have ever had," she added, "and the sooner we realize it, the better."

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| Me and Jaimie Saga

by -0-

It's been a while since the last telling of a "Me and Jamie" story. So long that some of you may not remember it. Any story that has the words Me and Jaimie are usually (always) drug induced (LSD) hallucinations (reality). This shit actually happened (really I was there!). This months saga takes place in the happy community of Medford, OR. It was a crisp autumn night, Jaimie and I spent all day drinking Vodka at school skipping therest of the day after lunch, and playing Shadow Run™. It was friday which meant L.S.D. and the dance club we frequented. So we called Zac, got the shit, took a shower, and headed into town. We usually went to our friend Wizard's house to smoke some herb soaked in opium resin and then bitched about "The Man." A couple of hours would go by and we would head to the local coffee shop (Denny's) where the whole "Remix" crew would be hanging out, drinking coffee. At about 9:00 P.M. all 30 of us would stand up, leave money for the bill on the table, and leave. Clubbing! I still miss those days. As soon as we got to our "spot" which was a 6 x 6 ft. area under the D.J. lit with a black light, we would go to the bathroom and divide up with acid... one for you, one for me, one for you, 2 for me, and so on. Synchronize Swatches! About 45 minutes of waiting, which is about all it took to find myself a honey for the night. I was a slick cat. The actual trip isn't that important, it's the event that ALWAYS transpire when Me and Jaimie are together. If you liked the "one-dimensional" story and the "trash-the-Trailer" story, you'll like this. The evening goes well. Remix got a big screen T.V. to play video's to the music. That night Rob the D.J. (no, really, that's his name!) decided to play the cartoon "The Hobbit" by J.R.R. Tolkien. I was to busy dancing to notice until Jaimie pointed it out. Jaimie is the only person I know who developed a foot fetish from Bilbo Baggins' hairy feet. The dude got turned on in the shoe department at Sears! He even told me that he masterbated every morning when slipping his shoes on.?. Anyway we were watching this cartoon and all of a sudden Jaimie sits up like a dog who just heard a dog whistle, and runs outside. So I did what any good side kick does. I macked chicks! In fact I was in the middle of conning this girl out of a blow job in the bathroom when I felt a hand on my neck, yanking me outside. Damn! "I got this cool idea," says Jaimie, "Come on!" He leads me a city block away from my perspective "head," to show me a wall covered with Ivy. No shit. He drags me away



from a perfect set of lips for a plant! I just don't understand. Anyway, he says, "Stand 1 foot away from the building and look up." So I do. I love heights, and have never experienced Vertigo before that night, and I was on the ground! Cool. It felt like I was flying above a forest in the middle of the night, and I started to hum the old Cure song "The Forest" when I heard a rustling sound. I looked over to see Jaimie and all I saw was a shoe about eye level. He was climbing the Ivy and at the same time entangling himself. Pretty soon all I saw was a black pair of combat boots, a pair of heavily tattooed forearms, and a lock of golden hair. Nothing else. With him trapped I decided to proposition another female. So I headed back. About half a block later Jaimie was walking next to me, telling me that the damp leaves touching his skin felt like Pixie sperm or something to that effect.

Around the corner a pair of head lights turned to blind us, pulled over, and right as we passed a couple of guys got out. I was having a good time so I wasn't paying much attention. I felt something hit my back, and heard noise below me. I recognized it. It was the sound of a big gulp cup hitting concrete. I knew it anywhere. So I turned around, arms up, ready to kill the responsible party. They looked amused. Then Jaimie realized I had stopped. I felt a breeze as he ran past me toward the purpitrator. He bent down, picked up the big gulp cup and screamed at the guy about littering, that the big gulp cup never did anything to him, how the single breasted Nancy Reagan said just say no, and how the Village People would plug them in the ass for committing such an atrocity to a long standing member of the 7 - 11 family. Dude-boys were freaked. They threw the universal, "I don't want trouble," hand gesture.

So Jaimie said something to the effect of, "Give a hoot, go kill your self!" and we ran. The rest of the evening went well until we left. We managed to scam a ride and a place to stay from a couple of cuties. I was smiling. At 2:00 A.M. when Remix closed we met up with the Betties and started down the street to the car. As we crossed the side-walk I heard a voice from the car stopped at the red light. "Hey, you guys ever seen a drive-by?"

"Yeah," said Jaimie, "they're real bloody."

No more than 30 seconds later we heard a loud blast, obviously a gun. Jaimie, Stacey, and Amber dropped to the ground, I chased the car a block and a half. They kept going. Chicken-shits. I went back to see if anyone was okay. They were so we continued to the car. Jaimie and Stacey sat in front, while I sat in back w/ Amber. Woo woo woo! The car started fine, heated up, and soon we were on our way. We decide to go through town onto Hwy 99 and out to Central Point. Stacey and Jaimie were doing some pretty heavy petting so obviously we were speeding. 80 mph right past a cop. I was still frying balls, so I had no idea what was going on. One minute I'm getting a hand job, next I'm seeing pretty lights, thinking I'm the star in "Close Encounters Of The Worst Kind!" We pull over and the officer walks up to the window. Dressed in black, black gloves, flash light on his belt, and red lights flashing off his badge. I couldn't see his face, but his voice, ohhh that VOICE! I knew it! Darth Vader! "Jaimie, look, Darth Vader!" I whispered over the back seat. Jaimie started laughing, saying, "Use the fork, Luke!" and making light sabre sounds. As soon as the officer returned from checking Stacey's license, Amber throws her arm over my should and cups her hand over my mouth. Whew! I thought we were gonna be toast, but Stacey showed some thigh and got off with a warning. We finally made it home, drank some beer, had some sex, and rolled over like a typical male and went to sleep. The next two days were nothing but Star Wars jokes.

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**Our hearty thanks to  
all who have sustained  
us, in good and bad times**



He wasn't.

6 Closely related to The God Dionysis, this god is often refered to as the "Road Trip," god as well.



There was, however, a nice young woman who told me I had until August 20th to make a twenty dollar payment. And it wasn't even the end of July yet. How thoughtful.

It still seemed odd, though. For some reason it didn't quite jive with the part of my brain that thought it understood the paperwork I held in my hand, but the uneasiness soon passed when Kris and I started looking at the CD Rom on the Squirrel Nut Zippers CD. Fuck worrying. I had a month to pay the card off. There was food to eat, beer to drink.

I went on with my life as best I could.

I went to work.

I went to the record store<sup>7</sup>.

I went to the post office, where I got the bill from Target™ saying I was charged a \$10 late fee for missing a payment.

I was August 15th.

I ran home<sup>8</sup> and rushed into my room to find the paperwork that I couldn't understand the first time I read through it, but as soon as I found it the face of a demon<sup>9</sup> appeared in the lettering and it all dissolved like flash paper in a magician's hand. I called the number for the accounts department. "The number you have dialed, 666, is currently unavailable to any Earth-Dweller. Thank you." The message was followed by laughter<sup>10</sup>.

Beads of sweat formed on my forehead. I began to cry.

Weeks went by, and each time payday came around I went to Target™ to make a payment<sup>11</sup>, and each time my balance increased by the same amount. The bill collectors were calling about twice a week by this time, each with a slight snarl in their voice and the sounds of barking dogs<sup>12</sup> in the background.

I got my first ulcer on November 5th<sup>13</sup>.

The first clump of hair fell out two weeks later.

The story has no happy ending, except for the fact that I now own some hangers that I'm selling for \$10 apiece<sup>14</sup>, and my Squirrel Nut Zippers CD retails for more than a Nine Inch Nails import<sup>15</sup>. \$100 later, the card is now in pieces, and I have sworn off credit forever.

Until I need socks again, that is.

# Thanks for the memories:

See the

# AMAZING DIFFERENCE

SECRETS

OF GOOD

PROJECTION

7 Not to be confused with, "The Record Garden."

8 After all, it tones muscles and is a great way to relax.

9 By demon I do not mean to imply that it was evil looking. On the contrary, he was the kind of demon you wouldn't mind inviting over for a beer after a show so you can shoot the shit about tempting priests and whatnot. But under the circumstances, even a friendly-looking demon was a bit much to handle.

10 Though I'm not completely sure, I think a Garth Brooks song was playing in the background.

11 This always involved me getting naked, dancing around a fire pit and sharing KARP lyrics while they mutilated my flesh and fed a sample of my blood into their computer. From what I understand, the blood in the computer served no real purpose, they just seemed to enjoy seeing me squirm.

12 Poodles.

13 This date corresponds with another meeting with the accounts department where, in addition to the normal ritual, they forced me to eat Taco Bell™ food afterward. There is no immediate correlation between the two events, but it is kind of odd, don't you think?

14 Order Today! Supplies are limited!

15 Unless you're shopping at Record Garden, in which case I'll be giving you the better deal.



Sometimes my roommates do the funniest stuff. I mean, it just cracks me up. Take this story for example.

Yesterday, Brandy and Missy decided to cut Missy's hair. I mean, that was really funny, I thought. I mean, it was **hilarious**. They had to go any buy a new pair of scissors, and Missy got this really nice do and everything. It was SO funny. I almost pissed my pants.

Oh, and they did it in the living room (now **THAT'S** what I call funny). They wanted to watch TV while they did it! Those crazy kids. But in order to do that, they needed to use a towel. You know, to lay down on the floor so the hair wouldn't get on the carpet? You just pick the towel up and the whole mess is transported away. Those silly girls. What *won't* they do?

But here's the really gut-busting part: I didn't *pay attention* to what towel *they* were using. **Bwahahahahah!** I mean, that has got to be the knee-slappingest thing I've ever heard about. I'm laughing as we speak!

But wait! I haven't gotten to the Rolling-On-The-Floor part of the story. So I go to bed last night (sort of a side-joke in and of itself), and this is well after the comedic hair-cutting, and I have the usual dream about high school and taking a test and taking vegetable produce and my brother in Pennsylvania and all that normal shit a person dreams about, and when I wake up I'm really groggy but I know I have to get up because I always oversleep and if I didn't today I could get a lot done before work. SO, I got this plan, the old 'Let's-Wake-Ourselves-Up-With-A-Hot-Shower' routine... gets 'em every time, right? (This is such a **GAS!**)

The humorous part was the part where I go to find my towel. I mean, the hilarity never stops 'round here! So I find my towel, all bunched up on the floor, and I pick it up, and bring it to the bathroom (not even making the connection to the night before), and... get this... I don't notice that it has hair in it!

**(HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!)**

I start to take my shower, right? I'm tired and groggy, so I take my time (heh heh), and when I'm done I reach for my towel. (I mean, wouldn't you?) Now, this is the good bit, because when I reach for my towel, I start drying my hair off and my body off and stuff (he he he he he), and I start itching a bit, which is odd because I just

Responsible Parties (by Austin Rich)





took a shower and I just washed the towel the day before the side-splitting haircut, and wouldn't you know it? When I looked to find out why I was itching, I was covered from head to toe in Missy's hair.

[illegible]

It was so god-damned funny, I had to take another shower to wash it off of my body AND clean the drain out AND shake the towel out and I STILL got hair all over myself and my clothes.

[illegible]

What's wrong? You ain't laughin'?

Well, I guess you *had* to be there.

**The Fast Food Whore: A Documentary Of Insanity**

by G.M.

Saturday, June 15th. 1996. 2:05 A.M.

Last night I finally got a chance to spend some quality time w/ my girlfriend, Amber, & my friend Colin (whose birthday it is, incidentally). We went to get some coffee until an insane hour @ IHOP™. It was the first time since I got this job @ Taco Bell™ that I actually went outside of my temporary home, & it was refreshing & yet sad. I was among real people, not customers, & I was doing things that I wanted to do. The fact that drinking coffee & talking bullshit for hours was not really that different from anything else me & my friends like to do was still refreshing.

The sad part was that I wouldn't be able to do it for quite some time, @ least I think I won't, because my job @ Taco Bell™ is in the way. I wonder if this is how real people relate to the world? Do they consider their jobs hindrances or not? I mean, in the long run I am getting paid for this work I do @ Taco Bell™, but is it worth it? I still don't know.

I spent the night @ Amber's house w/ my various Taco Bell™ necessities, & after some sleep & goodbyes, I trudged off to Taco Bell™ on my bike, w/ a slight tone of happy sadness in my mind. I had enjoyed myself all that time w/ Amber & Colin, just being w/ real people, & it was sad that I had to interrupt a perfectly good day that I could have spent in the company of people I care about to go & get paid to spend some time w/ people I really don't care about @ all. But @ least I did know that I do have a life outside of Taco Bell™, & that kept me cheery throughout the day.

When I got to Taco Bell™ there were no people outside where I spend my non-working time. That was odd, & I spent the hour before work reflecting on Douglas Adams again. Biking to work is a great way to get exercise, but the half-hour between Eugene where I live & Gateway where Taco Bell™ lives is rather boring after the first 20 times, so I've taken to listening to Douglas Adam's "Hitchhiker's" series to pass the time, & it does just that very well.

I clocked on & the store was rather slow. I did some menial tasks of no real importance in the long run to pass the time before Chris, the day manager, could count me into my till. This means that he counts my till w/ me next to him so that we know how much money is in it, then we write that number down & use it to reference the total of the till @ the end of the day. It seems rather pointless & time consuming because the computers keep track of all the transactions the customers & the registers make, but I guess there have been several thefts in the past & that is why this is now law @ Taco Bell™. However, I get paid to just watch Chris count money for however long it takes him, so I don't mind too much.

Robert was working the till next to me, & Kathy pulled me aside & had to tell me something before I actually started work.



"I'm sorry that I have to do this to you, but you're the only one that likes till, & does it well, & Robert was already working till before you got here. I'm really sorry."

I took this actual concern for my well being lighthearted. It has become well known in the store that no one really likes Robert, & the fact that she thought so low of him that she needed to apologize for putting me next to him on till was amusing to me. I said, "Don't worry about it," & began to work that day.

This was the first Friday that I worked where business picked up considerably as the day progressed just like the managers predicted. Normally, the managers freak out & say, "Oh god, it's Friday! We're going to be slammed tonight!" (They then begin to perform quite a many acts of panicking & preparing, which in the end are both self-defeating & only make things worse for themselves.) Today, though, the store really was busy, & there were quite a few customers. I kind of liked it because it kept me busy, & the day passed quickly.

I went on my half-hour break @ 8, & tried to perform the futile of finding a place to cash my bookstore pay check @ the many stores around Taco Bell™ so I could buy some cigarettes. I then smoked the last three of my cigarettes, & ate a bit more of my three foot long sandwich. I rather enjoyed my break.

I went back to work & began to prepare for the close @ 11. Since I was closing the lobby again, I wanted to make sure that I actually finished all of my required duties @ Taco Bell™ before 12, when I was to get off work. I went out & did a complete job on the lobby, which meant cleaning all the cracks & crevices that the managers would look to see if they were clean (overlooking the obviously dirty things because you'd have to be stupid to have not cleaned those things), & then relied on my memory to only wash the tables, chairs, etc. that the customers had actually used. However, this act was defeated a bit by Robert, who would go out & wash the many tables that I had already washed, which actually had the opposite effect that was desired & made them look worse than before. But eventually my system started to slowly work, & @ 11 all that was left to do was clean the bathrooms, sweep, & mop.

These duties actually took me 'til 12:05. On top of that, Kathy decided to count my till after I was done w/ the lobby, & because of this I didn't get to clock off until 12:20. I tried to argue that I should have been able to go home @ 12, since that is what it said on the schedule & the schedule is law. However, Kathy said, "Since you are a closer now you have to stay until everything you need to get done is done. That's just the way it is."

It's funny that is the way it is, because the day crew aren't bound by this rule. When the clock strikes 3, no matter what the day person is in the middle of doing, he immediately says, "Good bye," to whoever will listen to him & clocks out. Even though he has to wash the dishes, take out the garbage, sweep the floor & serve 10 customers before he should be able to go, he can leave anyway because he's a day person & therefore is exempt from the otherwise unfalliable rule. I wonder if the laws of physics @ Taco Bell™ are also different @ night than in the day, because if so then I could probably make a small profit in either long-term weight loss or alchemy, whichever seemed to take my fancy @ the moment.

My till was perfect again, so I got some more free food. I actually found myself craving a Double Decker Taco<sup>©</sup> when I found this out, & immediately wanted to know what the ingredients were. It seems to me that there must be some kind of drug in those things, because otherwise I would try to steer clear of the food @ Taco Bell™.

The bike ride home was pleasant, & I even went as far to walk the bike quite a bit of the way. I took in the night air & was pleased to see there were other people about too. I was glad that they got to enjoy the night. I found out that there had been a show @ Icky's that I really wanted to see, & was only slightly disappointed to find that I had completely missed it. Oh well, @ least that way I wouldn't have spent the \$3.00 needlessly.

Unfortunately, I didn't get a change to bring a tape recorder to work. I'll have to save this idea for another day.

*"Let's stay home and go to the movies"*

**The gift of pleasure all will treasure...**



*January 14th, 1998. John Henry's. Hot For Chocolate, Godzik Pink, & Unwound*

This month was a great month for shows here in Eugene, as the headliners for this show might tell you: Unwound! The name alone strikes awe in the hearts of Emos. On our way to the show, it was a sight to see the hoardes of Emos, awoken from their dreams, walking in zombie-fashion with their horn-rimmed glasses & copies of Crime And Punishment all singing "Dragnalus." Nonetheless, I was excited enough well before the show, and had foresight to get the day off from work.

We began the evening @ The Nexus for "It-Might-As-Well-Be-Free Beer Night," and then in silent homage made our way to John Henry's. The guy at the door must have known that a good number of underage fans would attend (after all, Hot For Chocolate was playing), so no one was carded, and @ least one person I know of wasn't legal yet.

A game of Foosball, then Hot For Chocolate took the stage. So this is the infamous Hot For Chocolate I've heard so much about? I don't have much to say about these guys, other than the fact that they opened by saying, "Hi, we're from Springfield, OR," and that, by the look and sound of them, a copy of every Rush album (up to and including Roll The Bones) resides in their record collections. Hot For Marijuana? Whatever. From all the hype I'd heard you'd think an ex-Oswald 5-0 member was fronting the band.

More Foosball, and then Godzik Pink, who sounded fine over me alternately winning, loosing, and drinking. The Ramen City Kid says they sounded like a younger version of the Hellcows with less drugs. They sounded good enough to buy their tape, but before I could the concept of food coeased in my head. Next time, guys.

Then, Unwound. The history of me and this band go back to right before the second release of the first issue of this 'zine, but there was some love between us before that too. They played a fair amount of stuff I didn't recognize, which in their hands still blew my mind, and their rendidtions of my personal favorites ("Honorosis" & a finale with "For Your Entertainment,") was enough to invigorate anyone. I was ready to start a new band, take on the world, and write a novel!

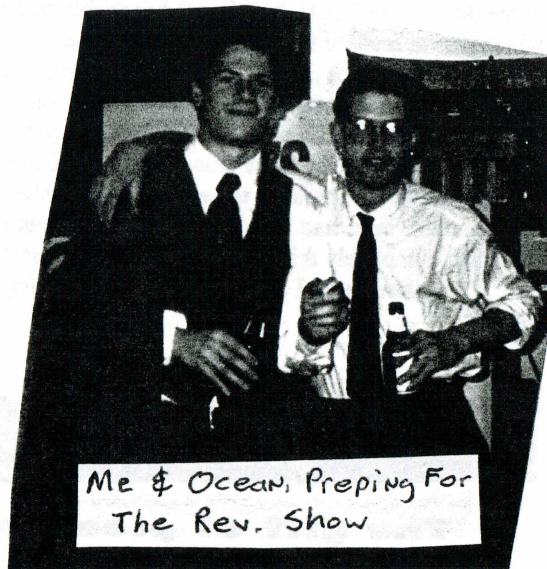
Afterward, The Ramen City Kid & I talked with Justin for a bit, and we ended the evening w/ me giving in a purchasing stuff my food budget couldn't afford. But their new album rules!

(On a different note, I borrowed Austin's camera for the show, but the film didn't come out. Next time.)

*January 21st, 1998. The Wild Duck. The Reverend  
Horton Heat.*

Now, I swore on my life that I'd never pay outrageous prices for a show, nor would I set foot in the Wild Duck, but a man's got to do whatever his ears dictate to him once in a while, and going to La Luna to see The Rev. just wasn't an option. So I bought tickets. Advance payment. Can you believe that?

Well, I shoke my head and tried to ignore it. It was Horton Heat! I had never seen him live, and it was worth the extra money to go to the show. In preparation, I dressed as fancy as I could. It had to be all or nothing. For an added touch, I slipped a piece of paper in my hat that said press. Then the drinking, which started right around the time of the Simpsons, then on to the bar with Cassandra & Ocean, then off to the Wild Duck for the show.





Ocean didn't have a ticket, so we looked around to see if he could get it first, but eventually left him to his own devices. (Little did we know, he got in almost right away afterward.) The Mr. T Experience was supposed to open, but they were late, so the Wild Duck didn't let them play (fascists). So, we went over to the bar for a drink before Heat took the stage.

**\$3.00 pints! Can you believe that shit? Add that to a rude waiter and I was a little pissed. After a beer I thought I'd go see if the show had started yet, and it had. What!? They didn't even tell us! I missed the opening and the first half of the first song. Fuckers.**

The show was the only thing that didn't annoy me offhand. The Rev. played a great assortment of old and new favorites (including cuts from his upcoming album), and ragged on the Spice Girls the whole time ("If I were a Spice Girl, I'd be Old Spice!") After hearing, "I Can't Surf," I almost forgot about how pissed I was.

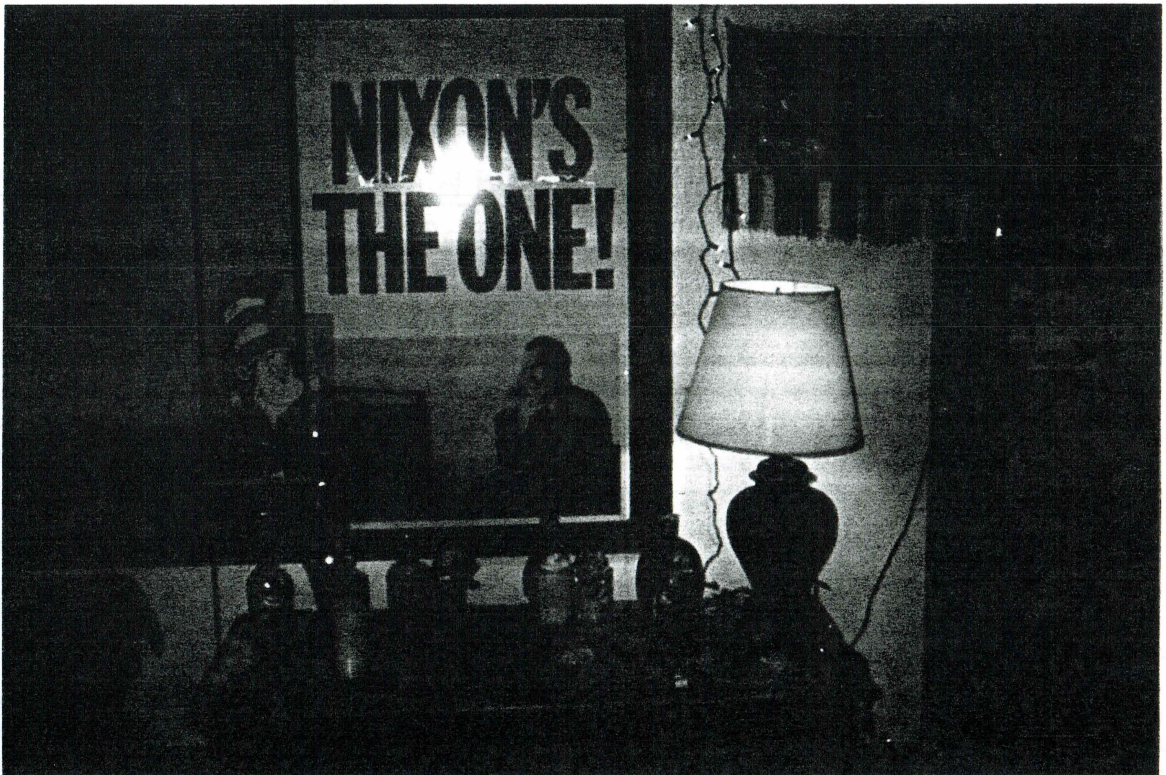
Then, the show was over. I hooked back up with Cassandra & Ocean, and we bought stuff that we really couldn't afford, and then we headed back to the truck. Sadly, we realized that Cassandra's keys were lost, as in back at the Wild Duck. In a panic, I went to look for them, the the staff was unhelpful and really rude. "Come back in a half hour, maybe we'll have found them by then." They wouldn't even let me on the floor to look.

Pissed, we walked back 30 minutes later and the person on staff in question dangled the found keys in my face to taunt me. I grabbed them, spit a rude thank you at her, and we left to drink the night away.

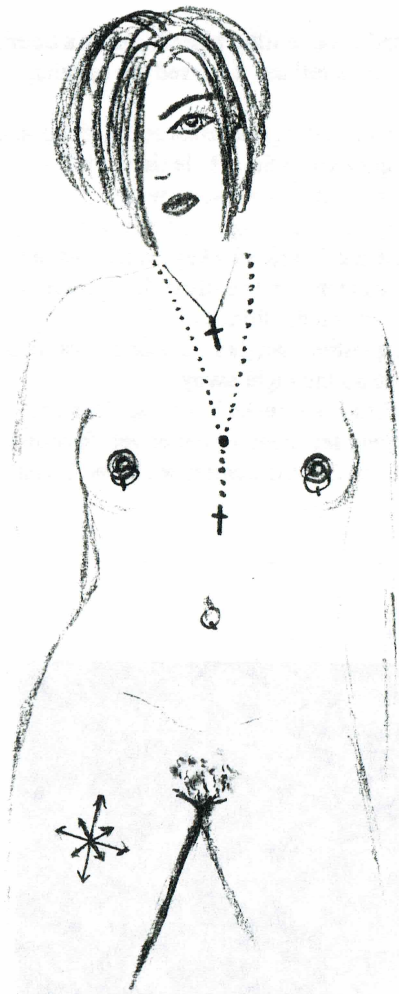
All in all, the show was great, but I learned from my mistake: the Wild Duck sucks big cock. Don't go there, no matter who is playing or what the ticket prices are. Go to Portland and see them, or better yet, firebomb the place. (On a side note, I, again, tried to get pictures, but the staff would've taken the camera away, so I was told. Fuckers.)

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Alter (by Austin Rich)







Sexy athiest Soma Goldstien recently moved to Washington D.C. from Vancouver, Canada because of an unexplained & somewhat mysterious fire. She can be seen setting the stage "aflame" (no pun intended) at Club 136 on any day of the week. When Soma isn't taking her clothes off for strangers as a reaction to our boring and useless society plight with no immediate solution in sight, her hobbies include drinking till she pukes, sending letter bombs to leading anti-abortion activists, poetry, extensive periods of female / female sex, and plotting to overthrow the United States Government. We here at I'd Buy That For A Dollar wish Soma the best of luck. Keep Up The Good Work, Soma!

**All Hail the Fascist Dictator**

by Kyle "Wacky Roommate #2" Cook

Yes, I am the Fascist Dictator of our apartment, and damn proud of it. Sure, some people might react with hesitation at being called a Fascist Dictator, like it's somewhere between Overbearing Asshole, and Militant Prick. But to avoid any nationalistic overtone, I earned this title through my undying commitment to teamwork for the CAUSE. The CAUSE is not something to be taken lightly nor does it have anything to do with keeping the MAN off anybody's back. The CAUSE simply pertains to the goal of keeping this blessed apartment of ours presentable to others, and free of maggots. Now is that such a horrible thing? Well, some people tend to think so. But as I am writing this piece I wouldn't be ashamed to invite fatcat social-elitist mayor-of-hippyville Jim Torrey over for a public flogging on our balcony overlooking 13th St. (conveniently located close to last year's Symantec



Riots). This place is looking clean and my chest is swelling with pride at the communal efforts taken by my fellow housemates.

It didn't take much to motivate the masses. Here's an excerpt from a speech given in drunken bliss concerning the cleanliness issue. "My fellow housemates, today we must stand up and throw off the chains of sloth and apathy. We must make a decision. Do we want to live like crusty squatters or thrive like responsible mature adults? Let us rise up and BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY do our best to display pride in our habitat!" (Oh, wait, this was my speech in favor of hanging Christmas lights on the balcony, never mind.)

Anyway, I play on keeping my title and do my best to fulfill the enormous responsibility that comes with the title of Fascist Dictator. Such responsibilities include sticking roadkill in people's beds to remind them to pay their share of the electric bill, hanging out-of-line drunken guests by the ankles out the kitchen window, and keeping my wife-beaters starched and free of stains as it is standard uniform for those of my position. Well, gotta go and mount a massive attack on the flies in the living room with hairspray and a lighter. LATERS!!!

*(Editor's Note: Kyle just gave me notice that he has joined the Navy in an attempt to further explore his ideals as a fascist dictator. Sadly, he is moving out March 30th. We'll miss you, Kyle!)*

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## Scabies & Other Things To Reflect On

by G.M. (10/3/97)

*Dedicated To Cassandra, Who Proved To Me That Things Are Never As Bad As They Seem.*

I found out I could do needle point the other day at my girlfriend's house, and it's not the kind of needle point that involves my veins that all my friends always say something to the effect of, "Fuck, you shoulda been a plasma whore or a junky," about. See, a few days ago it suddenly dawned on me that she spent a lot of time working on these needle point projects (along with all the other "crafty" things she does... imagine me singing the Beastie Boys' "She's Crafty" and be really scared about it), and hey, in my junior high school crafts class they made me do needle point too, so I could do it with her and we could bond on yet another thing. You know? To take our minds off the things that we really don't want to think about, she and I that is.

In my crafts class, we did all these really lame projects. We mostly made coasters. Not just coasters as in, "Oh, here's a neat little coaster I made for you to put your drink on, why don't you use it?" but coaster as in, "Here's a really lame and tacky coaster that has the color scheme of a '70's housewife's kitchen, would you like to hide it quickly before you puke?" We made tons of things like that. It was horrible. Nobody liked them, not even the teacher, who had to grade them and tell us that we all did a good job even though they all stunk.

So why did I like it? You might as well ask why I like the soundtrack to Saturday Night Fever. It's the train-wreck type fascination with something that is so horrible, you just have to do it. Of course, I was too young to realize this. I just kept thinking, "This is horrible. But it helps pass the time. And it's fun." I forced my mom to buy me lots of yarn and plastic canvas stuff and some needles and I whiled away my summer creating crap that nobody liked.

Like all art projects, this one wound to a close to make room for my imaginary spy adventures. In those days, nothing caught on for long when the future history of the world relied on me running around in the woods for a few hours every day, which would always result in my eventual capture (when mom comes yelling for me at dinner time). But of course, there was always tomorrow.

So I discovered that I had a little bit of canvas left, and some really disgusting purple yarn, and a small amount of black that only resembled black in the way that dirt resembles black, and though I had lost almost all of my needles I did manage to find one that was a bit too big for the canvas but would fit in the squares if you forced it, and so with a wild hair up my ass, I made a set of dice.



I guess what sparked the dice was one of my coasters which had, more or less, the pattern of the side 6 on a die. Well, I went to work, and when I finished I had two dice connected with purple string that, if you used your imagination, resembled in some way the kind of dice you hung from your rear-view mirror though the colors were all wrong and they were much too big to actually work, but in all reality, failed to resemble dice in any way, shape, or form that dice are normally meant to be. I was teased incessantly about them. I was very proud.

So we flash-forward to now, with us trying to keep certain things off our mind, trying to do needle point, and all I can think of is dice. The patterns haunt me at work. I imagine trying to do all sorts of dice--20 sided, four sided, ect.--and when I'm actually working on them, I feel like the work is all dice and nothing more.

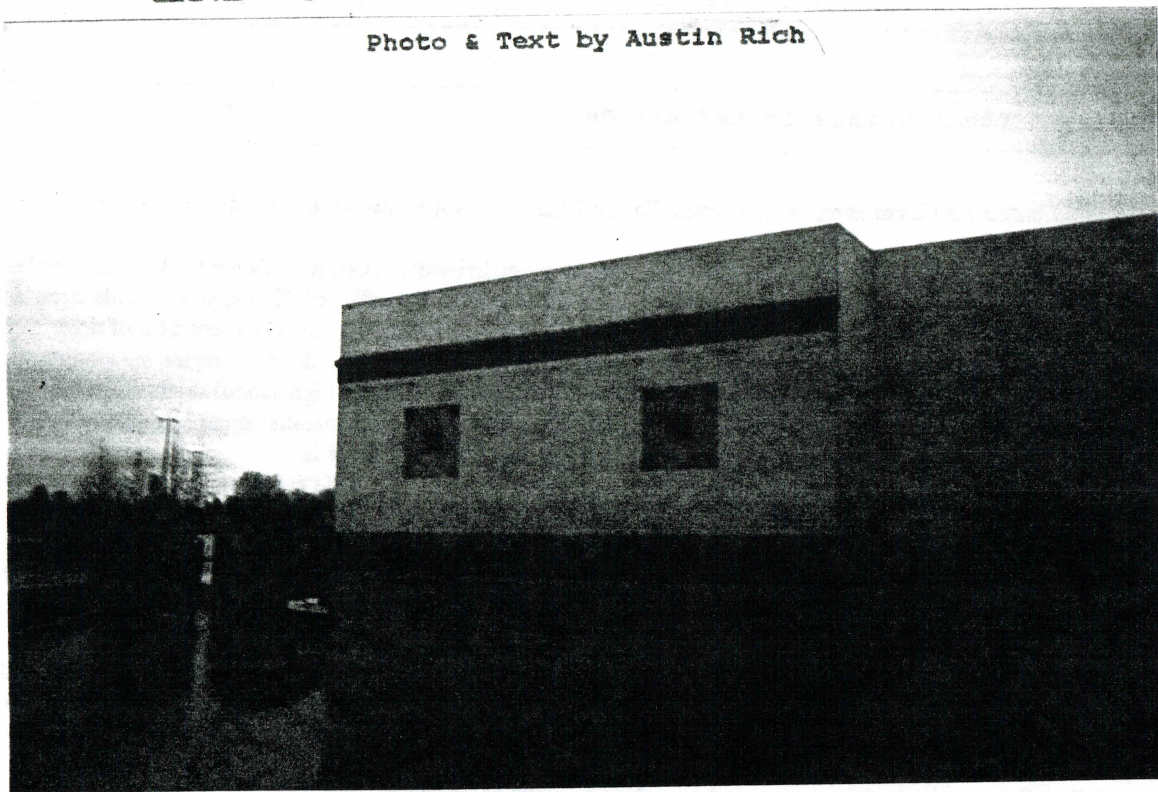
Hey, it beats thinking about the shitty stuff that happened.

And, to add insult to injury, the scabies you just got over.

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## ANCIENT MARKINGS COULD MEAN THE END OF THE WORLD IS NEAR!

Photo & Text by Austin Rich



**OREGON**--This photograph that surfaced last year, reveals what could be a sure sign of the end of the world!

Though still untranslated at this point in time, linguists are working around the clock to determine what the square markings could mean. "There is no doubt of the pictures authenticity, but the real question is what it means," said Dr. Garl P. Snodgrass in an interview earlier this week.

"Most script is very basic to translate when you take into context where the picture was found and what cultures used to represent important things in writing," continues Dr. Snodgrass, "but these squares are unlike anything we've tried to translate before. They could be something very, very important."



Dr. Snodgrass is still unsure wheather we should worry at this point, though. "To my knowledge, there are few markings in the 'square family' that indicate death and destruction. If I'm not mistaken, a artisan stuck with a vision would need to make up images that represent the concepts he was inspired to create. Now I'm not saying that the images mean the end of the world... but it is possible."

Further studies are continuing, but in any event it will be interesting to learn what the true nature of the photograph is. "When we do translate it," says Dr. Snodgrass, "we could learn more about our future, and about whoever drew it, than previously known to any anthropologists."

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## Needle Point And Other Things To Reflect On

by G.M. (10/10/97)

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I could try and say that the Scabies were what really made me upset. I had never dealt with them before, though I have had a few lice scares in my life that the drill seemed pretty routine. Fortunately, my girlfriend and two of my roommates had been through the situation too many times to count, and they knew exactly what to do. Within a few hours the place was quarentined, every couch and bed cleaned, every piece of clothes bagged up, and even some fresh laundry cleaned for use after we treated ourselves. All we had to do was treat ourselves, bag up the remaining dirty clothes, and wait.

Waiting is something I don't do well. So the two week period passed, we all came up negative, and it was business as usual.

To an extent.

Sure, there was the issue of the mess afterward, between us and each other, who was going to pay for what, if we could all still stay speaking to each other afterward. The aftermath is still in it's clean-up phase, and how long that will last is still in up in the air.

So it could be the scabies that make my brain rattle and my annoyances rise. Maybe I'm pissed of about that.

I could be the my job that's stressing me out. I've gone over that with a fine tooth comb elsewhere within these pages, and that alone can be enough to drive a person crazy. Every day I go to work, worried that this will be the day that something I did the day before will get me fired. I've been trying my hardest, making lists of the things I'm responsible for. Returns, designating responsibility, customer service, etc. Every day something "iffy" happens, and I try to say that it's all part of the learning experience, but that back part of my brain says, "You fucked up! You're fired!"

And like clockwork, I show up to work and the boss says something like, "Guess what?", or he's carrying a little note with him that has my name on it with things that I screwed up on, or he says, "It's time to talk about sexual harrasment," and I comb my mind trying to figure out what I did wrong. Did I show a customer to a section that they thought was a form of sexual harrasment? Maybe I miscounted and lost \$300 and now they think I stole it? Maybe I kept a company spy on hold for to long and they called to say that they were very unhappy with my customer service and want me fired.

Then it turns out to be that I forgot to change the date on the charge card machine. The DATE! I sigh a big relief. For that day, everything's okay, but what about tomorrow?

Maybe that's why I lie awake and night and feel like shit. Maybe I screwed up at work when I forgot to do a minor detail of something that in the long run is just the everyday run-of-the-mill way that we learn how to do our jobs properly. Maybe that what's wrong with me.

I could say that it's the weather. I hate the winter, and I tell myself that I always have, but occasionally I let the joy of the winter leaves and the snow and Christmas seep into my life, but only slightly.

The real reason I hate winter is the weather. I hate being cold. I HATE IT! Everyone says that they like being cold, because they can always get a fire going or put on more clothes. But I try that and I still feel cold, and still hate it. Then it rains all the time. That fucking rain! Ironc that I love to live in Eugene and hate the rain. But



I do. I hate it because you can't see the sun, and then all the annoying goths come out of the woodwork, you know?, those goths that don't have a clue the Cure released an album called "Disintegration" and don't know who Bauhaus is? They come out and they tell you that at last, the sun has gone away, and they can come out and haunt all the cool places to hang out and talk about how depressed they are. (Secretly, we know they actually hate the rain because it washes away their makeup, but they would never actually admit it.)

Well, fuck 'em. I like the sun. I like being warm. I like knowing that the world is a living place where everything is green and vibrant. I like walking around town and seeing all the trees and the flowers growing, and I like the huge ball of hydrogen that makes it all work. Fuck being to hot. Take a fucking cold shower, I say.

So maybe I'm grumpy about the weather. Yeah, you can go ahead and believe that.

I may even be grumpy about the fact that my subscription to the Weekly World News is running out, and that I can no longer read about all the Werewolves with AIDS romping with gays in London. It may be that I don't have a good stereo to make tapes for my friends in Nevada or New Jersey or wherever. Hell, I may even be grumpy about the ozone layer.

But all that shit can take a flying leap compared to what I'm really upset about. Aside from the thing that Cassandra and I have been making needle point stuff to try and forget. I'm upset because I'm 22 years old and can barely afford a decent meal. I'm upset because I just tallied up all my debts and it came to a sum that surpasses my total income for one month of hard work. And I'm upset because my job, the one that I am very grateful for and is, honestly, the best job I've ever had barely gives me enough money to pay my current bills, not counting the lawsuit pending because of an electric bill I thought was paid and isn't even my responsibility.

I'm also mad because I can't go to school and all my friends do.

I read this book called Downsize This! by Michael Moore, and from page one I was hooked. I was pissed, actually, but I was also hooked. To be honest, it wasn't anything I didn't already know, but sometimes the wisest people are the ones that state the obvious.

Anyone who reads the paper between the lines, follows the news and has an ounce of common sense knows that things are fucked, so to speak. I learned a long time ago that it wasn't the jobs I was working that were screwing me over, not even the fast food ones (even though they do screw people over, just not in the way I'm driving at). It's the people that regulate the cost of renting an apartment, the cost of food, the cost of living, and the cost of school.

The book made me think of the people who I should be directing this unfocused, difusse and disjointed anger at: the invisible men that fuck me over.

Well, fuck 'em. That's bullshit. I didn't wait two years for this good job just to find out that a "good job" isn't going to cut it. Middle class, my ass! I barely make it from week to week, and then I hear people say stuff like, "Hey, why don't you have a car?" Because I ain't got \$400 a month extra lying around to make the payments. If I did, maybe I wouldn't be so worried about shit. I don't try to live thriflily just to find out that I need to cut back even more.

I'm taking action. I'm registered to vote, and you can be sure as shit that I'm not going to flake out anymore like I have in the past. Shit, I'll vote for what colors buildings should be just to say that I have.

From now on I'm going to stop bitching and start getting shit done. Whatever it takes. I'm running for Mayor in 2000, I'm vocally voicing the bullshit I see in print and in letters. I'm tired of just being pissed. I'm gonna do whatever it takes to be able to say, "Hey, shit's fucked up, but it's not my fault."

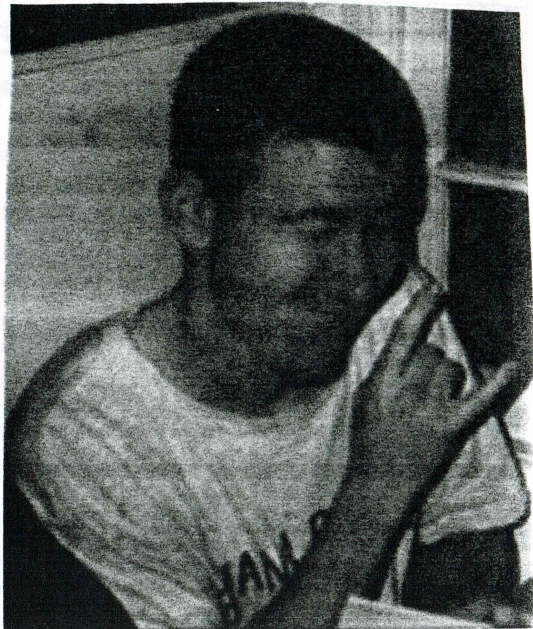
At least it'll keep the anger focused where it belongs, and keeps my mind off the other things I don't have control of. Okay, now back to your regularly scheduled programming...



# "I'M SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD"

*Exclusive with Federal Enlargers*





Left To Right: The Ramen City Kid,  
Brady's Girlfriend, David Hasselhoff,  
Fabio, & Kyle. In the truck:  
Cassandra, Local Truckdriver.

## I Don't Want To Grow Up (But... What The Hell.)

by G.M.

Fun & Games aside, wisdom, age & responsibility have come sharply into focus recently, something that is always useful every so-often to remind me how much I hate it. Work, sleep, clean, shit, pay bills. It all ends the same way: on sunday I watch my favorite two hours of T.V., spend some quality time with the roomies, kiss my girlfriend goodnight, & sleep before it all starts all over again. Work, sleep, clean, shit, pay bills. Repetition.

Repetition.

The weekly rut of responsibility causes you to crave recklessness, and if you follow that path for too long you end up craving stability again. It's an endless cycle. Over & over.

Repetition.

It took me a long time, but I've learned to enjoy all these cycles in my life, (even the really boring ones), from the smallest to the largest, because without them there would be no completion. Things already don't make any sense in a world of people dying and getting their money stolen or what-have-you. But the cycles help bring sanity to your life. No matter what happens, you always come back to the beginning.

Over & over. Repetition.

You may not know exactly what your own cycle is for quite a while. Fuck, it took me 22 years. But a pattern will develop, and soon what was driving you insane is not perfectly clear.

And just like everything else, the last words are written, the name & date added, & a smile crosses my lips. Until next time...

--G.M. 3/1/98

Next Issue: Ten, X, 10, 5 x 2, 18 - 8, The Square Root Of 100, you get the idea...





# HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO... BE AN "ATLAS MAN"

## I CAN GIVE YOU A HE-MAN BODY!1

Are you fed up of being a scrawny dork that can't satisfy anyone, not even yourself? Are you sick and tired of loosing girls to nice, intelligent, well-read & well built guys who can afford to take them out? I know how you feel. I was once known as the guy who turned all his girlfriends into lesbians. I was so ashamed of my own face that I often wore paper sacks over my head when I went out in public.

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2 Longer if your genes contain any male chromosomes, anywhere from 1 year to 12 years, depending on your family history.



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